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How To Be Happy.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidden and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-headed
brick;
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
—Sel.

Our Home Beyond.

An earthly home, where husband and wife have the confidence of each other and are in harmony with their children, is the dearest spot on earth, the Eden of time, a place where hearts find shelter, and the mind peace.
'What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us.'
But however happy home may be, or pleasant its surroundings, it is subject to the consequences of sin. The door may be bolted, but disease may creep in; the shutters may be closed, but trouble will enter; all precautions may be taken, but death will come, hence our homes are subject to the workings of time.
But we can look beyond time, and with the eye of faith see a home in eternity, for our Saviour has said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. As we are to move from our home in time to our home beyond, it is quite natural that we should be interested in its locality, nature, and characteristics. As far as its locality is concerned, we can say nothing. I am speaking of heaven as a place. God has revealed to us the fact that we have a home, but its locality has not been revealed. Secret things belong to God, revealed things belong to man. The fact that we have a home should satisfy us. The other will be revealed in due time.'
Lazarus licked by the dogs may not have been able to have told where Abraham's bosom was, but when his feverish brow was cooled by the fluttering of angel wings, he was being carried in that direction, and reached the place where the wicked from their troubling cease, a home where his weary heart found rest.
While we are ignorant of geography of eternity and can not locate the city of bliss, yet I do not

think it is very far off. When a boy I used to sing in Sunday School: 'There is a happy land, far, far away.'

I have no sympathy with that hymn now, for heaven my home does not seem far away. I would rather sing: 'There is a happy land, not far away.'

When death came into our home and took away a bright-eyed sister, heaven seemed closer. When death came and called friends away, heaven seemed closer. When death came and took a loving father away, heaven seemed nearer and dearer yet, and today with the eye of faith I can see its portals shining brightly. Dr. Holland most beautifully says:

'There was a land that lay beyond my sight,
For which I vainly searched the great earth through;
Thither, right often, my companions flew
At daybreak or at noontide or at night,
And never came again. I took my flight
Explored all portions of the globe, yet grew
No nearer where that mighty retinue
Had fled into the stately fields of light.
But once, when evening her dusk sails had spread,
And I was sleeping, a swift dream came o'er
My spirit, and in it, I rising, said,
'Now is the country mine, long sought before,'
And one I heard lament that I was dead:
And lo! the land stretched just beside my door.'

But let us notice some of the attractive points of our home beyond. It is a beautiful home. I saw somewhere, recently, a motto: 'Make home beautiful,' and I was pleased with that motto. Our earthly homes should be made beautiful. Time is not lost in attempting to make beautiful our homes. Husbands and wives would be happier, and children would be kept from evil if more pains were taken to make our homes beautiful and attractive. While earthly parents often neglect this feature of the home, God has not. He has made our home beyond most beautiful and attractive. John caught a glimpse of it and tells us: 'The foundations were garnished with all manner of precious stones.' There was Jasper, the color of marble, with a light shade of green and red; Sapphire, sky blue specked with gold; calcedony, the color of red hot iron; Emerald, a grass green; Sardonyx, red streaked with white; Sardius, a deep red; Chrysolyle, a deep yellow; Beryl, red with green; Topaz, a pale yellow; Chyropasus, greenish, transparent with gold specks; Jacinth, a red purple; Amethyst, a violet purple.

Now think of all these foundations, with the gates of pearl, the wall of jasper, the streets of gold, the sea of glass, the throne of God, all reflecting the light of a pure world, and sparkling in the noontide of God's glory, and we have a manifestation of beauty, we can hardly appreciate, for we being clothed in the flesh see as through a glass darkly.

'We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its beauties confessed,
But what must it be to be there.
We speak of its pathways of gold,

Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there.'

'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'

Our home beyond is a roomy home. Earthly homes are sometimes narrow and contracted. We are poor, wayfaring men of grief; many of us can say, 'No foot of land do I possess, no cottage in this wilderness.' Living on land and in property claimed by others, we have to put up with many inconveniences, and if we own our own homes, what are they? The best of them are narrow, contracted, disappointing.

Heaven contains plenty of room. John says it is 12000 furlongs long, and it is as wide and high as long. That it, the new Jerusalem, is a cube, 12000 furlongs in each direction. A furlong is $\frac{1}{8}$ of a mile; 8 into 12000 goes 1500. The city according to John is 1500 miles in each direction. It would reach from Florida to Maine, from the Atlantic to Dakota, and as high: 'The length and breadth and height of it are equal.' Philadelphia and New York welded into one would hardly make a corner lot in the place of which you and I are heirs.

Plenty of room there; 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' No one need stay outside. Though they come from the east and the west, from the north and the south, there will be room for them to set down with loved ones in the kingdom of God.

Our home beyond is a healthy home. Earthly homes, though filled with loving hearts, are exposed to disease. Sin is in the world, and one of the consequences of sin is disease. Though we are careful and watchful, disease will creep into our homes, health will be undermined, the silken cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken. The climate of heaven is healthy. The inhabitants never say, 'I am sick.' No burning fever nor racking pain are found there.

'No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.'

Our home beyond is a wealthy one. In this world we have to contend with poverty. There were so many people in the world ahead of us that we seem to be left behind in the race, and it is a struggle to keep the wolf of poverty from our doors. It is not an easy thing to struggle with the world and keep soul and body together. The most of us know what such struggles are, and they have been too much for some frail bodies; they have perished in poverty's grasp. Heaven is a wealthy place, poverty is unknown. On this side of the grave we may be as poor as Job when on an ash heap, but when flesh and blood are put off we are as rich as heirs of God can be. 'The Lamb of God which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. They shall hunger no more neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.'
'No breaking hearts are there
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.'

Our home beyond is a home of life. This world is a world of dying, and our homes are invaded by death. Neither our tears or prayers, nor love can keep out the hard-hearted monster. With his bony fingers he clutches the heart strings of our loved ones, and before we hardly realize the work that he does. The form is placed in the coffin and carried to the silent city of the dead. Oh! the desolate hearts and blighted hopes caused by death. Every flock has its dead lamb, and every fireside its vacant chair, and your turn and my turn is coming.

'The black camel Death kneeleth once
at each door,
And a mortal must mount to return
nevermore.'

There will be no death in our Father's house. Christ never preached any funeral sermons when he was on earth, and in his heavenly presence death cannot come. The gold paved streets never ring with the sound of funeral processions; crape never hangs from the doorknobs of its palaces, and garbs of mourning never cover the angelic forms of the inhabitants.

No death shall be in heaven, no darkened tomb,
No bed of death nor silence of the grave,
But breezes ever fresh with truth and love,
Shall brace the heart with an immortal youth.'

You who groaned in birth pangs, and bowed in anguish at the death hour will have no such experience there, but tears will be wiped away and loved ones meet again.

'There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.'

'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away, and he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.'

Our Home Beyond is reached by complying with the conditions. If I wish to reach my earthly home I go to the depot, buy my ticket, and thus comply with the requirements of the railroad company. Having done this I have a right to a seat in the cars, and can travel toward my destination and reach my father's house; and if we would reach our heavenly home we must comply with the conditions arranged by the divine company, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Putting on Christ, we have a right to a place in the church and can travel toward our eternal destination, and reaching it, we shall be happy forever. 'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

JOHN DUKE McFADEN.

Hudson, Iowa.

I received a card, yesterday, from Bro. E. L. Yoder, Morrill, Kansas, March 5th, stating, that we are all well. 'When are you coming back?' How very glad we were to hear that they were well, knowing that Bro. Yoder had been exposed to the smallpox. To day, March 7th, I received a letter from Bro. Mahlon Beachy, who writes as follows: 'Now as for the smallpox in this section of the country, there is no case. Bro. Yoder is all right yet and I think will be, I hope so at least. And as to the folks at and about Reserve, the facts are hard to get; a person hears so many stories. People are greatly excited. But few deaths are reported up to date, March 5th. Some twenty-eight cases are reported. The Doctor claims it is in as mild a form as they ever saw. This is what I have learned. Now in regard to holding meetings, I talked with some of the Brethren and they thought it not proper to hold any meetings yet for some time as all the schools are closed and to have meetings now would not suit, and I will inform you as soon as it will be prudent to hold meetings under the circumstances.'

I also received a letter from Bro. Gill Berkley today, stating nearly the same thing. I will now give you a further statement from the *Reserve Special Correspondence to the World*: 'The small pox patients in and around Reserve are doing as well as could be expected, those who have been stricken are having as good treatment as can be given under the circumstances. We regret very much that the loathsome disease got a hold in our midst, and there is no telling when it will be checked, as a great number of people were daily exposed for several weeks without the least bit of warning, not only in our own community, but for miles around. The blow falls heavily on us. It completely shuts us up, our town is deserted, business of all kind is checked, our station is discontinued for an indefinite time. Kind readers think of it and give us your sympathy. The names of those who are sick are:—Sam Walker, Mrs. Collins, James Collins, Lou Haas, Alice Collins, Willie Jones, L. D. Burchfield, Arthur Beamgard, Bert Gould, Will Robinson, I. H. Beamgard, Ed Jaques, Bert Baker, Henry Mc Williams, Alex. Perkins, and two of the Miller family, Mrs. Henry Mc Williams, Ollie Collins, Hawkins, Alice Calvin, Geo. Anderson, Martin Wells, Mrs. H. Robinson, Lee Robinson, Miss Stadham. Six of this number have the varioloid. Grapho.'

JOHN NICHOLSON.

March 9th.

The Brethren Annual.

Every family of the Brethren church should secure a copy of the Annual. It is a first rate Calender and contains such church news as every one desires to know. It is worth ten cents to any one concerned in the work. It contains a small, but accurate portrait of Elder S. C. Stamp, a pioneer progressive, that many will want to see. Price ten cents each, by mail, or \$1.06 per dozen BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE.